

Ben Folds Five "Julianne"

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I met this girl
She looked like Axl Rose
Got drunk and took her home
And we slept in our clothes
And in the morning put
My feet on the floor
And thought
Being awake never felt
Like this before

And Julianne you[demo:] know
She wouldn't approve
Talked all day on the phone
'cause I had nothing to do
Got rid of Axl by the afternoon
Being awake never felt
So clear and blue

CHORUS

That's all I knew
Guess that I was innocent too
I'll sing a song yeah
And it won't be the blues
'cause I don't miss Julianne

My friend she told me
She felt sorry for me
She said the truth would
Come crashing down on me
That I'd be sorry,
But the truth of it is
That I feel guilty for
Not giving a shit

CHORUS

I got a bag of trash
I got my bag of trash
I walk it up and down
And drag it up and down
The road.
How could she miss a man

Who drags a bag of trash
Down the road?
[demo:don't know what she
Saw, what she ever
Saw in me aw hell no

I can play this fucking piano!]
This week I feel
Like I've been born again
I know that Julianne
She would have a fit
She'd find a reason for
The things that I did
And give me credit
For the things that I
Never been

Ohh, that's all I knew
Guess that I was innocent too
[demo:ohh, that's what I am
Say I'm not a sensitive man]
Yeah I can try just
As hard as I can
And I don't miss Julianne
Ah ooh that's all I do
Guess that I was innocent too
Yeah I can try just
As hard as I can
But I don't miss Julianne

CHORUS

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